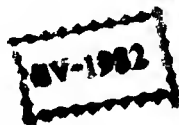




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PLEASURES OF ENGLISH POETRY

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION
NOTES AND GLOSSARY

BY

GOKAL CHAND

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WITH A FOREWORD BY

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FOREWORD

The present anthology of English poems possesses some distinctive qualities which differentiate it from most of the existing collections, whose name is legion. I do not know of another selection of poems which aims, as Mr. Gokal Chand's book does, at placing before Indian students samples of all the main types of English poetry. In the Introduction the author seeks, by discussing the nature of poetry and explaining elementary principles of prosody, to help students to appreciate the poems as poetry. Few of our textbooks attempt this, though to teach poetry with any other aim is a prostitution of the noblest of the arts, and a sin against education. For these reasons I believe that the present book supplies a real need, and supplies it in a way that is sound in principle and should be effective in result.

C. B. YOUNG

DELHI,
24th June, 1933

PREFACE

To bring out a new book of poems, when so many collections already exist, needs perhaps an explanation.

As a teacher of English I have long felt the need of a book which would introduce Indian students to different kinds of English poems. Moreover, it has been suggested to me by some friends and teachers, who have appreciated my *Pleasures of English Prose*, that it would be an advantage if a volume of poems on similar lines was compiled. I have, therefore, made an attempt in this collection to acquaint Indian students with the important varieties of English poems, as the Table of Contents will show. In the matter of selection I have kept two ideas mainly in view ; first, that all the pieces (as in my *Pleasures of English Prose*) should be lively and interesting and should justify the title of the book ; and secondly, that they should be illustrative of different types of English poems and varieties of English metre.

In the Introduction I have explained the principles of English prosody, an elementary knowledge of which I regard to be essential for the true appreciation of poetry. But in dealing with this subject I have deliberately avoided entering into all controversial theories of prosody and have given only the generally accepted views.

PREFACE

Brief remarks about the main characteristics of the poets are given in the Notes so as to lead to a better appreciation of their poems. I have also mentioned the names of their chief works to arouse in students a desire for further study.

It is hoped that the Glossary, explaining and illustrating the important figures of speech, some technical terms and various kinds and forms of poems included in this book, will prove useful.

I feel genuine pleasure in expressing my grateful thanks to my learned teacher, Professor C. B. Young of the University of Delhi, for his careful criticism of the whole book and for making a number of valuable suggestions which have considerably enhanced its usefulness.

ALLAHABAD

11th July, 1933

GOKAL CHAND

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LYRICAL POETRY

I

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770—1850)

UP! UP! MY FRIEND

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books ;
Or surely you'll grow double :
Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
Why all this toil and trouble ?

- 5 The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife :

- 10 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!

He, too, is no mean preacher :

- 15 Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your Teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—

Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ; 25
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :—
We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
Close up those barren leaves ; 30
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

II
JOHN KEATS

(1795—1821)

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER

- A thing of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
5 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing.
- Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
10 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
15 For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :

And such too is the grandeur of the dooms 20
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences 25
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light 30
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

III

EDWARD FITZGERALD

(1809—1883)

RUBĀIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYĀM OF NAISHAPŪR

1

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—‘Open then the Door !

‘You know how little while we have to stay,
‘And, once departed, may return no more.’

2

5 Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

3

‘How sweet is mortal Sovranty !’—think some :
10 Others—‘How blest the Paradise to come !’
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest ;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum !

4

Think, in this batter’d Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,

7

How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp 15
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

5

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep :
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep. 20

6

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—
To-morrow?—Why, *To-morrow* I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

7

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend, 25
Before we too into the Dust descend ;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End !

8

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk ; one thing is certain, that Life flies ; 30
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies ;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 And with my own hand labour'd it to grow :
 35 And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
 'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

10

Ah, fill the Cup :—what boots it to repeat
 How Time is slipping underneath our Feet :
 Unborn TO-MORROW and dead YESTERDAY,
 40 Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet !

11

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
 Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays :
 Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

12

45 The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
 Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

IV

ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809—1892)

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down, 5
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river, 10
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays, 15
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set
20 With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
 To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

25 I wind about, and in and out,
 With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
 And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
30 Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
 Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
 To join the brimming river,
35 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
40 That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river, 50
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

V
ROBERT BROWNING

(1812—1889)

PROSPICE

- Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
5 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
10 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
15 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and
forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
, Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
20 Of pain, darkness and cold.

For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy, 25
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

VI
WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834—1896)

ALL FOR THE CAUSE!

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is
drawing nigh,

When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live, and
some to die!

He that dies shall not die lonely, many an one hath
gone before,

He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the
life they bore.

5 Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday
they bled,

Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the
valiant dead.

E'en the tidings we are telling was the tale they
had to tell,

E'en the hope that our hearts cherish, was the hope
for which they fell.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their
labour and their pain,

But undying from their sorrow springeth up the 10
hope again.

Mourn not therefore, nor lament it that the world
outlives their life ;

Voice and vision yet they give us, making strong
our hands for strife.

Some had name and fame and honour, learn'd they
were, and wise and strong,

Some were nameless, poor, unlettered, weak in all
but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us ; one and all they 15
lead us yet

Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to
forget.

Hearken how they cry, 'Oh, happy, happy ye that
ye were born

In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the
morn ;

'Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die
or well to live,

Through the battle, through the tangle, peace to 20
gain or peace to give.'

Ah, it may be ! Oft meseemeth, in the days that
yet shall be,

When no slave of gold abideth 'twixt the breadth
of sea to sea,

Oft, when men and maids are merry, ere the sunlight
leaves the earth,

And they bless the day beloved, all too short for all
their mirth,

25 Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter
days of old,

Ere the toil of strife and battle overthrew the curse
of gold ;

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts
of us shall rise ;

We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall
be the brave and wise ;

There amidst the world new-built shall our earthly
deeds abide,

30 Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of
how we died.

' Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain
or what we lose ?

Fair flies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for
each shall choose.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is
drawing nigh,

When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live
and some to die!

VII
THOMAS HARDY

(1840—1928)

BEYOND THE LAST LAMP
(*Near Tooling Common*)

1

While rain, with eve in partnership,
Descended darkly, drip, drip, drip,
Beyond the last lone lamp I passed
Walking slowly, whispering sadly,

- 5 Two linked loiterers, wan, downcast :
Some heavy thought constrained each face,
And blinded them to time and place.

2

- The pair seemed lovers, yet absorbed
In mental scenes no longer orbéd
10 By love's young rays. Each countenance
As it slowly, as it sadly
Caught the lamplight's yellow glance,
Held in suspense a misery
At things which had been or might be.

3

- 15 When I retrod that watery way
Some hours beyond the droop of day.

Still I found pacing there the twain
Just as slowly, just as sadly,
Heedless of the night and rain.
One could but wonder who they were, 20
And what wild woe detained them there.

4

Though thirty years of blur and blot
Have slid since I beheld that spot,
And saw in curious converse there
Moving slowly, moving sadly 25
That mysterious tragic pair,
Its olden look may linger on—
All but the couple ; they have gone.

5

Whither? Who knows, indeed . . . And yet
To me, when nights are weird and wet, 30
Without those comrades there at tryst
Creeping slowly, creeping sadly,
That lone lane does not exist.
There they seem brooding on their pain,
And will, while such a lane remain. 35

VIII

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(1861—)

THE CHAMPA FLOWER

Supposing I became a *Champa* flower, just for fun, and grew on a branch high up that tree, and shook in the wind with laughter and danced upon the newly budded leaves, would you know me, mother?

You would call, 'Baby, where are you?' and I should laugh to myself and keep quite quiet.

I should slyly open my petals and watch you at your work.

When after your bath, with wet hair spread on your shoulders, you walked through the shadow of the *Champa* tree to the little court where you say your prayers, you would notice the scent of the flower, but not know that it came from me.

When after the midday meal you sat at the window reading *Ramayana*, and the tree's shadow fell over your hair and your lap, I should fling my wee little shadow on to the

page of your book, just where you were reading.

But would you guess that it was 'the tiny shadow of your little child?

When in the evening you went to the cowshed with the lighted lamp in your hand, I should suddenly drop on to the earth again and be your own baby once more, and beg you to tell me a story.

'Where have you been, you naughty child?'

'I won't tell you, mother.' That's what you and I would say then.

IX

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

(1861—)

TRAVELLER, MUST YOU GO?

Traveller, must you go?

The night is still and the darkness
swoons upon the forest.

The lamps are bright in our balcony,
the flowers all fresh, and the youthful
eyes still awake.

Is the time for your parting come?

Traveller, must you go?

We have not bound your feet with
our entreating arms.

Your doors are open. Your horse
stands saddled at the gate.

If we have tried to bar your
passage it was but with our songs.

Did we ever try to hold you back,
it was but with our eyes.

Traveller, we are helpless to keep
you. We have only our tears.

What quenchless fire glows in your
eyes?

What restless fever runs in your blood ?

What call from the dark urges you ?

What awful incantation have you read among the stars in the sky, that with a sealed secret message the night entered your heart, silent and strange ?

If you do not care for merry meetings, if you must have peace, weary heart, we shall put our lamps out and silence our harps.

We shall sit still in the dark in the rustle of leaves, and the tired moon will shed pale rays on your window.

O traveller, what sleepless spirit has touched you from the heart of the midnight ?

X

JOHN MASEFIELD

(1876—)

THE WEST WIND

It's a warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' cries ;
I never hear the west wind but tears are in my eyes.
For it comes from the west lands, the old brown hills,
And April's in the west wind, and daffodils.

- 5 It's a fine land, the west land, for hearts as tired as
mine,
Apple orchards blossom there, and the air's like wine.
There is cool green grass there, where men may lie
at rest,
And the thrushes are in song there, fluting from
the nest.

'Will ye not come home, brother? ye have been
long away.

- 10 It's April, and blossom time, and white is the May :
And bright is the sun, brother, and warm is the
rain,
Will ye not come home, brother, home to us again?

'The young corn is green, brother, where the rabbits
run ;
It's blue sky, and white clouds, and warm rain and
sun.
It's song to a man's soul, brother, fire to a man's 15
brain,
To hear the wild bees and see the merry spring again.

'Larks are singing in the west, brother, above the
green wheat,
So will ye not come home, brother, and rest your
tired feet?
I've a balm for bruised hearts, brother, sleep for
aching eyes,'
Says the warm wind, the west wind, full of birds' 20
cries.

It's the white road westwards is the road I must tread
To the green grass, the cool grass, and rest for heart
and head,
To the violets and the warm hearts and the thrushes'
song
In the fine land, the west land, the land where I
belong.

XI

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

(1884—1915)

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

PROLOGUE

We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that Beauty lives though lilies die,
We Poets of the proud old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why,—
5 What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
And winds and shadows fall toward the West:
And there the world's first huge white-bearded kings,
10 In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

II

And how beguile you? Death has no repose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
15 Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair :
They know time comes, not only you and I,
But the whole world shall whiten, here or there ; 20

When those long caravans that cross the plain
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells
Put forth no more for glory or for gain,
Take no more solace from the palm-girt wells ;

When the great markets by the sea shut fast 25
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on ;
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.

EPILOGUE

At the Gate of the Sun, Baghdad, in olden time

THE MERCHANTS (*together*)

Away, for we are ready to a man !
Our camels sniff the evening and are glad. 30
Lead on, O Master of the Caravan :
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of Baghdad.

THE CHIEF DRAPER

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,

35 And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

THE CHIEF GROCER

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
40 As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles
By Ali of Damascus ; we have swords
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,
And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

45 But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But who are ye in rags and rotten shoes,
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

THE PILGRIMS

We are the Pilgrims, master ; we shall go
50 Always a little further ; it may be

Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born: but surely we are brave, 55
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

THE CHIEF MERCHANT

We gnaw the nail of hurry. Master, away!

ONE OF THE WOMEN

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.
Is not Baghdad the beautiful? O stay!

THE MERCHANTS (*in chorus*)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand. 60

AN OLD MAN

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?
Seek not excess: God hateth him who roams!

THE MERCHANTS (*in chorus*)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

A PILGRIM WITH A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells 65
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,

And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand.

A MERCHANT

We travel not for trafficking alone :

70 By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned :
For lust of knowing what should not be known
We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

Open the gate, O watchman of the night !

THE WATCHMAN

Ho, travellers, I open. For what land
75 Leave you the dim-moon city of delight ?

THE MERCHANTS (*with a shout*)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.
(*The Caravan passes through the gate*)

THE WATCHMAN (*consoling the women*)

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus.
Men are unwise and curiously planned.

A WOMAN

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN

(*in the distance, singing*)

80 We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

XII

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771—1832)

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

Where shall the lover rest,

Whom the fates sever

From his true maiden's breast,

Parted for ever?

Where, through groves deep and high, 5

Sounds the far billow,

Where early violets die,

Under the willow.

Eleu loro!

Soft shall be his pillow. 10

There, through the summer day,

Cool streams are laving:

There, while the tempests sway,

Scarce are boughs waving ;

There, thy rest shalt thou take, 15

Parted for ever,

Never again to wake,

Never, O never!

Eleu loro!

Never, O never! 20

Where shall the traitor rest,
 He, the deceiver,
 Who could win maiden's breast,
 Ruin, and leave her ?
 25 In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle
 With groans of the dying ;
 Eleu loro !
 30 There shall he be lying.

 Her wing shall the eagle flap
 O'er the false-hearted ;
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap,
 Ere life be parted.
 35 Shame and dishonour sit
 By his grave ever ;
 Blessing shall hallow it,
 Never, O never !
 Eleu loro !
 40 Never, O never !

XIII

SIR WALTER SCOTT

(1771—1832)

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling, 5
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay !'

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
The mist has left the mountain grey, 10
Sprinklets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay, 15
'Waken, lords and ladies gay !'

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
To the greenwood haste away ;

- 20 We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay,
'Waken, lords and ladies gay !'
- 25 Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,
- 30 Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

XIV
WALTER DE LA MARE

(1873—)

TARTARY

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne ;
And in my court should peacocks flaunt, 5
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day 10
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray ;
And in the evenings lamps would shine
Yellow as honey, red as wine,
While harp and flute and mandoline, 15
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
I'd wear a robe of beads,
White, and gold, and green they'd be—
And clustered thick as seeds ; 20

And ere should wane the morning-star,
I'd don my robe and scimitar,
And zebras seven should draw my car
Through Tartary's dark glades.

- 25 Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
Her rivers silver-pale !
Lord of the hills of Tartary,
Glen, thicket, wood and dale !
Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
30 Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale !

XV

SAROJINI NAIDU

(1879—)

GUERDON

To field and forest
 The gifts of the spring,
 To hawk and to heron
 The pride of their wing ;
 Her grace to the panther, 5
 Her tints to the dove . . .
 For me, O my Master,
 The rapture of Love !

To the hand of the diver
 The gems of the tide, 10
 To the eyes of the bridegroom
 The face of his bride ;
 To the heart of a dreamer
 The dreams of his youth . . .
 For me, O my Master, 15
 The rapture of Truth !

To priests and to prophets
 The joy of their creeds,

To kings and their cohorts
The glory of deeds ;
And peace to the vanquished
And hope to the strong . . .
For me, O my Master,
The rapture of Song !

XVI

WALT WHITMAN

(1819—1892)

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain ! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we
sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all
exulting,

While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim
and daring ;

But O heart! heart! heart!

5

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells ;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the 10
bugle trills,

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the
shores a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager
faces turning ;

Hear Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head !
15 It is some dream that on the deck,
 You've fallen cold and dead.
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and
 still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse
 nor will ;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage
 closed and done,
20 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object
 won ;
 Exult O shores, and ring O bells !
 But I with mournful tread,
 Walk the deck my Captain lies,
 Fallen cold and dead.

XVII

ROBERT BRIDGES

(1844—1930)

ON A DEAD CHILD

Perfect little body, without fault or stain on thee,
With promise of strength and manhood full and
fair !

Though cold and stark and bare,
The bloom and the charm of life doth awhile remain
on thee.

Thy mother's treasure wert thou ;—alas ! no longer 5
To visit her heart with wondrous joy ; to be
Thy father's pride ;—ah, he
Must gather his faith together, and his strength make
stronger.

To me, as I move thee now in the last duty,
Dost thou with a turn or gesture anon respond ; 10
Startling my fancy fond
With a chance attitude of the head, a freak of beauty.
Thy hand clasps, as 'twas wont, my finger, and holds
it :
But the grasp is the clasp of Death, heartbreaking
and stiff ;

15 Yet feels to my hand as if
 'Twas still thy will, thy pleasure and trust that
 enfolds it.

So I lay thee there, thy sunken eyelids closing,—
 Go lie thou there in thy coffin, thy last little
 bed!—

 Propping thy wise, sad head,
20 Thy firm, pale hands across thy chest disposing.

So quiet! doth the change content thee?—Death,
 whither hath he taken thee?

To a world, do I think, that rights the disaster of
 this?

 The vision of which I miss,
Who weep for the body, and wish but to warm thee
 and awaken thee?

25 Ah! little at best can all our hopes avail us
 To lift this sorrow, or cheer us, when in the dark,
 Unwilling, alone we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known and
 heard of, fail us.

XVIII
LAURENCE BINYON

(1869—)

FOR THE FALLEN

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal 5
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow. 10
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow
old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning 15
We will remember them.

- They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time :
20 They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are
known

As the stars are known to the Night ;

- 25 As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our
darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

XIX

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772—1834)

EPITAPH

Stop, Christian passer-by !—Stop, child of God,
And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
A poet lies, or that which once seem'd he.
O, lift one thought in prayer for S. T. C. ;
That he who many a year with toil of breath 5
Found death in life, may here find life in death !
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame
He ask'd, and hoped, through Christ. Do thou the
same !

XX

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564—1616)

REMEMBRANCE

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste ;
5 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
10 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before :
—But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXI

JOHN MILTON

(1608—1674)

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
My true account, lest He returning chide ;
“Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?”
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “God doth not need
Either man’s work, or His own gifts. Who best 10
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His
state
Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest ;
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

XXII

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

(1770—1850)

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers :
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

5 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;

The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be

10 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;

Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

XXIII
RUPERT BROOKE

(1887—1915)

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware, 5
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less 10
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England
given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

XXIV

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(1772—1834)

TO A YOUNG ASS

Its Mother Being Tethered Near It

- Poor little Foal of an oppress'd race !
I love the languid patience of thy face :
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
5 But what thy dulled spirits hath dismay'd,
That never thou dost sport along the glade?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
10 Meek Child of Misery ! thy future fate?
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
'Which patient Merit of the Unworthy takes' ?
Or is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain
To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain?
15 And truly, very piteous is *her* lot—
Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot,
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green !

Poor Ass! thy master should have learnt to show
 Pity—best taught by fellowship of Woe! 20
 For much I fear me that *He* lives like thee,
 Half famish'd in a land of Luxury!
 How *askingly* its footsteps hither bend?
 It seems to say, 'And have I then *one* friend?'
 Innocent foal! thou poor despis'd forlorn! 25
 I hail thee *Brother*—spite of the fool's scorn!
 And fain would take thee with me, in the Dell
 Of Peace and mild Equality to dwell,
 Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
 And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side! 30
 How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
 And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay!
 Yea! and more musically sweet to me
 Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
 Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest 35
 The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast!

LORD BYRON

(1788—1824)

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

1

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
 5 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

2

10 His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he
 wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 15 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies

His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

3

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake, 20
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake, 25
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

4

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy 30
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near, 35
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

XXVI

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792—1822)

INVOCATION

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,

Spirit of Delight!

Wherefore hast thou left me now

Many a day and night?

5 Many a weary night and day

'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me

Win thee back again?

With the joyous and the free

10 Thou wilt scoff at pain.

Spirit false! thou hast forgot

All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade

Of a trembling leaf,

15 Thou with sorrow art dismayed ;

Even the sighs of grief

Reproach thee, that thou art not near,

And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure ;
 Thou wilt never come for pity,
 Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
 Pity then will cut away
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest, 25
 Spirit of Delight !
 The fresh Earth in new leaves dressed,
 And the starry night ;
 Autumn evening, and the morn
 When the golden mists are born. 30

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
Between thee and me

What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
45 But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

XXVII

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

(1792—1822)

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee, 5
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream— 10
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine, 15
Oh belovèd as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !

Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast ;
Oh ! press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last.

XXVIII

W. H. DAVIES

(1871—)

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent :
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep ;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas, 5
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go.
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light ; 10
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick 15
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony ;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes, 20

Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
25 Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face ;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough.
I love thee for a heart that's kind—
30 Not for the knowledge in thy mind.

XXIX

SAROJINI NAIDU

(1879—)

ODE TO H. E. H. THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD

(Presented at the Ramzan Durbar)

Deign, Prince, my tribute to receive,
This lyric offering to your name,
Who round your jewelled sceptre bind
The lilies of a poet's fame ;
Beneath whose sway concordant dwell 5

The peoples whom your laws embrace,
In brotherhood of diverse creeds,
And harmony of diverse race :

The votaries of the Prophet's faith,
Of whom you are the crown and chief ; 10

And they, who bear on Vedic brows
Their mystic symbols of belief ;
And they, who worshipping the sun,
Fled o'er the old Iranian sea ;
And they, who bow to Him who trod 15

The midnight waves of Galilee.

Sweet, sumptuous fables of Baghdad
The splendours of your court recall,

The torches of a *Thousand Nights*
 20 Blaze through a single festival ;
 And Saki-singers down the streets,
 Pour for us, in a stream divine,
 From goblets of your love-*ghazals*
 The rapture of your Sufi wine.

25 Prince, where your radiant cities smile,
 Grim hills their sombre vigils keep,
 Your ancient forests hoard and hold
 The legends of their centuried sleep ;
 Your birds of peace white-pinioned float
 30 O'er ruined fort and storied plain,
 Your faithful stewards sleepless guard
 The harvests of your gold and grain.

God give you joy, God give you grace
 To shield the truth and smite the wrong,
 35 To honour Virtue, Valour, Worth,
 To cherish faith and foster song,
 So may the lustre of your days
 Outshine the deeds Firdusi sung,
 Your name within a nation's prayer,
 40 Your music on a nation's tongue.

XXX

SAROJINI NAIDU

(1879—)

THE FLUTE-PLAYER OF BRINDABAN

Why didst thou play thy matchless flute
Neath the Kadamba tree,
And wound my idly dreaming heart
With poignant melody,
So where thou goest I must go, 5
My flute-player, with thee?

Still must I like a homeless bird
Wander, forsaking all ;
The earthly loves and worldly lures
That held my life in thrall, 10
And follow, follow, answering
Thy magical flute-call.

To Indra's golden-flowering groves
Where streams immortal flow,
Or to sad Yama's silent Courts 15
Engulfed in lampless woe,
Where'er thy subtle flute I hear
Belovèd I must go !

No peril of the deep or height
20 Shall daunt my wingèd foot ;
No fear of time-unconquered space,
 Or light-untravelled route,
Impede my heart that pants to drain
 The nectar of thy flute !

NARRATIVE POETRY

XXXI

JOHN MILTON

(1608—1674)

SATAN'S RALLYING OF FORCES

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-fiend
replied :

- 'Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering: but of this be sure,
To do aught good never will be our task,
5 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist. If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
10 And out of good still to find means of evil ;
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
But see the angry Victor hath recalled
15 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the Gates of Heaven : The Sulphurous Hail,
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heaven received us falling ; and the Thunder,

Winged with red Lightning and impetuous rage, 20
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild, 25
The seat of desolation, void of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
There rest, if any rest can harbour there, 30
And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 35
If not, what resolution from despair.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(1822—1888)

SOHRAB'S IDENTITY REVEALED

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied :—

'Unknown thou art ; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain,

Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man !

No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart ;

For were I match'd with ten such men as thou,

And I were he who till to-day I was,

They should be lying here, I standing there.

But that belovèd name unnerv'd my arm—

That name, and something, I confess, in thee,

10 Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield

Fall ; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.

But hear thou this, fierce Man, tremble to hear !

The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death !

15 My father, whom I seek through all the world,

He shall avenge my death, and punish thee !'

But with a cold, incredulous voice, he said :—

'What prate is this of fathers and revenge ?

The mighty Rustum never had a son.'

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied :— 20

'Ah yes, he had ! and that lost son am I.

Surely the news will one day reach his ear,

Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,

Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here ;

And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap 25

To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.

Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son !

What will that grief, what will that vengeance be !'

He spoke ; but Rustum listen'd, plung'd in thought.

Nor did he yet believe it was his son 30

Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew.

And Rustum gaz'd on him with grief, and said :—

'O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son

Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have lov'd !

Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men 35

Have told thee false ;—thou art not Rustum's son.

For Rustum had no son : one child he had—

But one—a girl : who with her mother now

Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—

Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war.' 40

But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath ; for now

The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce,

And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die ;
45 But first he would convince his stubborn foe—
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said :—
‘Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And Falsehood, while I liv’d, was far from mine.
50 I tell thee, prick’d upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.’
He spoke : and all the blood left Rustum’s cheeks ;
And his knees totter’d, and he smote his hand
55 Against his breast, his heavy mailèd hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank’d aloud :
And to his heart he press’d the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :—
‘Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie.
60 If thou shew this, then art thou Rustum’s son.’

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loos’d
His belt, and near the shoulder bar’d his arm,
And shew’d a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick’d : as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
65 Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase,
An emperor’s gift—at early morn he paints,

And all day long, and when night comes, the lamp
 Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands :—
 So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
 On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal. 70
 It was that Griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
 Rustum's great father, whom they left to die,
 A helpless babe, among the mountain rocks.
 Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and lov'd—
 Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign. 75
 And Sohrab bar'd that figure on his arm,
 And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
 And then he touch'd it with his hand and said :—
 'How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
 Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?' 80
 He spoke : but Rustum gaz'd, and gaz'd, and
 stood
 Speechless, and then he utter'd one sharp cry—
O Boy—thy Father!—and his voice chok'd there.
 And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
 And his head swam, and he sunk down to earth. 85

XXXIII

W. B. YEATS

(1865—)

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

The old priest Peter Gilligan
Was weary night and day;
For half his flock were in their beds,
Or under green sods lay.

5 Once, while he nodded on a chair,
 At the moth-hour of eve,
 Another poor man sent for him,
 And he began to grieve.

 'I have no rest, nor joy, nor peace,
10 For people die and die';
 And after cried he, 'God forgive!
 My body spake, not I!'

 He knelt, and leaning on the chair
 He prayed and fell asleep;
15 And the moth-hour went from the fields,
 And stars began to peep.

 They slowly into millions grew,
 And leaves shook in the wind;

And God covered the world with shade,
And whispered to mankind. 20

Upon the time of sparrow chirp
When the moths came once more,
The old priest Peter Gilligan
Stood upright on the floor.

'Mavrone, mavrone! the man has died, 25
While I slept on the chair' ;
He roused his horse out of its sleep,
And rode with little care.

He rode now as he never rode,
By rocky lane and fen; 30
The sick man's wife opened the door:
'Father! you come again!'

'And is the poor man dead?' he cried.
'He died an hour ago,'
The old priest Peter Gilligan 35
In grief swayed to and fro.

'When you were gone, he turned and died
As merry as a bird.'
The old priest Peter Gilligan
He knelt him at that word. 40

'He who hath made the night of stars
For souls, who tire and bleed,
Sent one of His great angels down
To help me in my need.

- 45 'He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair.'

XXXIV

H. W. LONGFELLOW

(1807—1882)

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony. 5

At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the *past* the old man's thoughts were 10
And the maiden's of the *future*.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep,
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders, 15
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labour,

- 20 Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
 'Hiawatha, you are welcome!'
At the feet of Laughing Water
- 25 Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders ;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
30 *'You are welcome, Hiawatha!'*

- 'After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'
- 35 Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
 'That this peace may last for ever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
- 40 Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!'

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence, 45
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely :
'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!' 50

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him, 55
While she said, and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband!'
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker, 60
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow, 65
Left the old man standing lonely

At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
70 Crying to them from afar off,—
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's ease;
75 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,—
'Happy are you, Laughing Water,
80 *Having such a noble husband!*
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, *'O my children,*
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
85 *Life is checkered shade and sunshine,*
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!'

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendours,
Whispered to them, *'O my children,*
90 *Day is restless, night is quiet,*

*Man imperious, woman feeble ;
Half is mine, although I follow ;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water !'*

Thus it was they journeyed homeward ;
Thus it was that Hiawatha 95
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women 100
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XXXV

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM

(1784—1842)

DAY: A PASTORAL,

NOON

Fervid on the glittering flood,
Now the noontide radiance glows :
Drooping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

5 By the brook the shepherd dines—
From the fierce meridian heat
Sheltered by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flocks forsake the glade,
-10 Where unchecked the sunbeams fall—
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey wall.

Echo, in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock, and hill,
15 Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland
Where the streamlet wanders cool,

Or with languid silence stand	
Midway in the marshy pool.	20
But from mountain, dell, or stream,	
Not a fluttering zephyr springs ;	
Fearful lest the noontide beam	
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.	
Not a leaf has leave to stir ;	25
Nature's lulled—serene—and still :	
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,	
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.	
Languid is the landscape round—	
Till the fresh descending shower,	30
Grateful to the thirsty ground,	
Raises every fainting flower.	
Now the hill, the hedge, are green ;	
Now the warbler's throat's in tune :	
Blithesome is the verdant scene,	35
Brightened by the beams of noon.	

XXXVI
ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809—1892)

ULYSSES

- It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
5 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
10 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
15 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
20 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains : but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this grey spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil 35
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45

- Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought
 with me—
 That ever with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
 50 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
 Death closes all : but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
 55 The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 60 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 65 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 70 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

XXXVII

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

(1832—1904)

BUDDHA'S PREPARATION FOR RENUNCIATION

So passed they through the gates, a joyous crowd
Thronging about the wheels, whereof some ran
Before the oxen, throwing wreaths ; some stroked
Their silken flanks ; some brought them rice and
cakes,
All crying, '*Jai! jai!* for our noble Prince !' 5
Thus all the path was kept with gladsome looks
And filled with fair sights—for the king's word was
That such should be—when midway in the road,
Slow tottering from the hovel where he hid,
Crept forth a wretch in rags, haggard and foul, 10
An old, old man, whose shrivelled skin, sun-tanned,
Clung like a beast's hide to its fleshless bones.
Bent was his back with load of many days,
His eyepits red with rust of ancient tears,
His dim orbs blear with rheum, his toothless jaws 15
Wagging with palsy and the fright to see
So many and such joy. One skinny hand
Clutched a worn staff to prop his quivering limbs,
And one was pressed upon the ridge of ribs

- 20 Whence came in gasps the heavy painful breath.
'Alms!' moaned he, 'give, good people! for I die
To-morrow or the next day!' then the cough
Choked him, but still he stretched his palm, and
stood
Blinking, and groaning 'mid his spasms, 'Alms!'
- 25 Then those around had wrenched his feeble feet
Aside, and thrust him from the road again,
Saying, 'The Prince! dost see? get to thy lair!'
But that Siddârtha cried, 'Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
30 Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning "to-morrow or next day I die?"
Finds he no food that so his bones jut forth?
35 What woe hath happened to this piteous one?'
Then answer made the charioteer, 'Sweet Prince!
This is no other than an aged man;
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly: now
40 The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit;
His lamp has lost its oil, the wick burns black;
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark

Which flickers for the finish : such is age ;
Why should your Highness heed ?' Then spake the 45

Prince :

But shall this come to others, or to all,
Or is it rare that one should be as he ?
'Most noble,' answered Channa, 'even as he,
Will all these grow if they shall live so long.'
'But,' quoth the Prince, 'if I shall live as long 50
Shall I be thus ; and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jâlîni, little Hasta, Gautami,
, And Gunga, and the others ?' 'Yea, great Sir !'
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince : 55
'Turn back, and drive me to my house again !
I have seen that I did not think to see.'

XXXVIII
WILFRID GIBSON

(1880—)

THE MACHINE

- Since Thursday he'd been working overtime,
With only three short hours for food and sleep,
When no sleep came, because of the dull beat
Of his fagged brain ; and he could scarcely eat.
- 5 And now, on Saturday, when he was free,
And all his fellows hurried home to tea,
He was so dazed that he could hardly keep
His hands from going through the pantomime
Of keeping-even sheets in his machine—
- 10 The sleek machine that, day and night,
Fed with paper, virgin white,
Through those glaring, flaring hours
In the incandescent light,
Printed children's picture-books—
- 15 Red and yellow, blue and green,
With sunny fields and running brooks,
Ships at sea, and golden sands,
Queer white towns in Eastern lands,
Tossing palms on coral strands—
- 20 Until at times the clank and whirr and click,

And shimmer of white paper turned him sick ;
 And though at first the colours made him glad,
 They soon were dancing in his brain like mad ;
 And kept on flaring through his burning head :
 Now, in a flash, the workshop, flaming red ; 25
 Now blazing green ; now staring blue ;
 And then the yellow glow too well he knew :
 Until the sleek machine, with roar and glare,
 Began to take him in a dazzling snare ;
 When, fascinated, with a senseless stare, 30
 It drew him slowly towards it, till his hair
 Was caught betwixt the rollers ; but his hand,
 Almost before his brain could understand,
 Had clutched the lever ; and the wheels were stopped
 Just in the nick of time ; though now he dropped, 35
 Half-senseless on the littered workshop floor :
 And he'd lain dazed a minute there or more,
 When his machine-girl helped him to a seat.
 But soon again he was upon his feet,
 And tending that unsatisfied machine ; 40
 And printing pictures, red and blue and green,
 Until again the green and blue and red
 Went jigging in a riot through his head ;
 And, wildest of the raging rout,
 The blinding, screeching, racking yellow— 45

A crazy devil of a fellow—

O'er all the others seemed to shout.

For hands must not be idle when the year

Is getting through, and Christmas drawing near,

50 With piles on piles of picture-books to print

For people who spend money without stint :

And, while they're paying down their liberal gold,

Guess little what is bought, and what is sold.

But he, at last, was free till Monday, free

55 To sleep, to eat, to dream, to sulk, to walk,

To laugh, to sing, to whistle, or to talk . . .

If only, through his brain, unceasingly,

The wheels would not keep whirring, while the
smell—

The oily smell of thick and sticky glaze

60 Clung to his nostrils, till 'twas hard to tell

If he were really out in the fresh air ;

And still before his eyes, the blind, white glare,

And then the colours dancing in his head,

A maddening maze of yellow, blue, and red.

65 So, on he wandered in a kind of daze,

Too racked with sleeplessness to think of bed

Save as a hell, where you must toss and toss,

With colours shooting in insane criss-cross

Before wide, prickling, gritty, sleepless eyes.

But, as he walked along the darkening street 70
 Too tired to rest, and far too spent to eat,
 The swish and patter of the passing feet,
 The living, human murmur, and keen cries,
 The deep, cool shadows of the coming night,
 About quick-kindling jets of clustered light ; 75
 And the fresh breathing of the rain-washed air,
 Brought something of sweet healing to his mind ;
 And, though he trailed along as if half-blind,
 Yet often on the pavement he would stop
 To gaze at goods displayed within a shop ; 80
 And wonder, in a dull and lifeless way,
 What they had cost, and who'd the price to pay.
 But those two kinds of shop which, as a boy,
 Had been to him a never-failing joy,
 The bookshop and the fruitshop, he passed by, 85
 As if their colours seared his wincing eye ;
 For still he feared the yellow, blue, and red
 Would start that devils' dancing in his head.
 And soon, through throngs of people almost gay
 To be let loose from work, he pushed his way ; 90
 And ripples of their careless laughter stole
 Like waves of cooling waters through his soul,
 While sometimes he would lift his aching eyes,
 And see a child's face, flushed with proud surprise,

95 As, gripping both its parents' hands quite tight,
 It found itself in fairylands of light,
 Walking with grown-up people through the night
 Then, turning, with a shudder he would see
 Poor painted faces, leering frightfully,
 100 And so drop back from heaven again to hell.

 And then, somehow, though how he scarce could
 tell,
 He found that he was walking through the throng,
 Quite happy, with a young girl at his side—
 A young girl apple-cheeked and eager-eyed ;
 105 And her frank, friendly chatter seemed a song
 To him, who ne'er till now had heard life sing.
 And youth within him kindled quick and strong,
 As he drank in that careless chattering.
 She told him how just lately she had come
 110 From some far Northern Isle to earn her bread ;
 And in a stuffy office all day long,
 In shiny ledgers, with a splitting head,
 She added dazzling figures till they danced,
 And tied themselves in wriggling knots, and
 pranced,
 115 And scrambled helter-skelter o'er the page :
 And though it seemed already quite an age
 Since she had left her home, from end to end

Of this big town she had not any friend :
At times she almost dreaded she'd go dumb,
With not a soul to speak to ; for, at home 120
In her own Island, she knew every one . . .
No strangers there ! save when the tinkers came,
With pots and pans a-glinting in the sun—
You saw the tin far off, like glancing flame,
As all about the Island they would roam . . . 125
Then, of themselves at home, there were six
brothers,

Five sisters, with herself, besides the others—
Two homeless babes, whom, having lost their
mothers,
Her mother'd taken in among her own . . .
And she in all her life had hardly known 130
Her mother with no baby at her breast . . .
She'd always sing to hush them all to sleep ;
And sang, too, for the dancing, sang to keep
The feet in time and tune ; and still sang best,
Clean best of all the singers of the Isle. 135
And as she talked of home, he saw her smile,
With happy, far-off gaze ; and then as though
In wonder how she'd come to chatter so
To this pale, grave-eyed boy, she paused, half shy ;
And then she laughed, with laughter clear and true ; 140

And looked into his eyes ; and he laughed too,
 And they were happy, hardly knowing why.
 And now he told her of his life, and how
 He too had been nigh friendless, until now.
 145 And soon he talked to her about his work ;
 But when he spoke of it, as with a jerk,
 The light dropped from his eyes. He seemed to
 slip
 Once more in the machine's relentless grip ;
 And hear again the clank and whirr and click ;
 150 And see the dancing colours and the glare ;
 Until his dizzy brain again turned sick :
 And seeing him look round with vacant air,
 Fierce pity cut her to the very quick ;
 And as her eyes with keen distress were filled,
 155 She touched his hand ; and soon her kind touch
 stilled
 The agony : and so, to bring him ease,
 She told more of that Isle in Northern seas,
 Where she was born, and of the folks at home :
 And how, all night, you heard the wash of foam . .
 160 Sometimes, on stormy nights, against the pane
 The sousing spray would rattle just like rain ;
 And oft the high-tides scoured the threshold
 clean . . .

And as she talked, he saw the sea-light glint
In her dark eyes: and then the sleek machine
Lost hold on him at last; and ceased to print: 165
And in his eyes there sprang a kindred light,
As, hand in hand, they wandered through the night.

XXXIX

AUSTIN DOBSON

(1840—1921)

THE MOSQUE OF THE CALIPH

Unto Seyd the vizier spake the Caliph Abdallah :—

'Now hearken and hear, I am weary, by Allah !

I am faint with the mere over-running of leisure

I will rouse me and rear up a palace to Pleasure !'

5 To Abdallah the Caliph spake Seyd the vizier :

'All faces grow pale if my Lord draweth near ;

And the breath of his mouth not a mortal shall

scoff it ;—

They must bend and obey, by the beard of the

Prophet !'

Then the Caliph that heard, with becoming sedateness,

10 Drew his hand down *his* beard as he thought of his greatness ;

Drained out the last bead of the wine in the chalice :

'I have spoken, O Seyd ; I will build it, my palace !

As a drop from the wine where the wine-cup hath spilled it,

As a gem from the mine, O my Seyd, I will build it ;
Without price, without flaw, it shall stand for a 15
token

'That the word is a law which the Caliph hath
spoken !'

Yet again to the Caliph bent Seyd the vizier :

'Who shall reason or rail if my Lord speaketh clear ?
Who shall strive with his might ? Let my Lord live
for ever !

He shall choose him a site by the side of the river.' 20

Then the Caliph sent forth unto Kür, unto Yemen,—
To the South, to the North,—for the skilfullest
freemen ;

And soon, in a close, where the river breeze fanned
it,

The basement uprose, as the Caliph had planned it.

Now the courses were laid and the corner-piece 25
fitted ;

And the butments and set-stones were shapen and
knitted,

When lo ! on a sudden the Caliph heard, frowning,
'That the river had swelled, and the workmen were
drowning.

Then the Caliph was stirred, and he flushed in his
ire as

- 30 He sent forth his word from Teheran to Shiraz ;
And the workmen came new, and the palace, built
faster,
From the bases up-grew unto arch and pilaster.

And the groinings were traced, and the arch-heads
were chasen,

- When lo! in hot haste there came flying a mason,
35 For a cupola fallen had whelmed half the workmen ;
And Hamet the chief had been slain by the Turc'-
men.

Then the Caliph's beard curled, and he foamed in
his rage as

Once more his scouts whirled from the Tell to the
Hedjaz ;

'Is my word not my word?' cried the Caliph
Abdallah ;

- 40 'I *will* build it up yet . . . by the *aiding of Allah!*'

Though he spoke in his haste like King David before
him,

Yet he felt as he spoke that a something stole o'er
him ;

And his soul grew as glass, and his anger passed
from it

As the vapours that pass from the Pool of Mahomet.

And the doom seemed to hang on the palace no 45
longer,

Like a fountain it sprang when the sources feed
stronger ;

Shaft, turret, and spire leaped upward, diminished,
Like the flames of a fire,—till the palace was finished !

Without price, without flaw. And it lay on the azure
Like a diadem dropped from an emperor's treasure ; 50
And the dome of pearl white and the pinnacles
fleckless,

Flashed back to the light, like the gems in a
necklace.

So the Caliph looked forth on the turret-tops gilded ;
And he said in his pride, 'Is my palace not builded ?
Who is more great than I that his word can avail if 55
My will is my will '—said Abdallah the Caliph.

But lo ! with the light he repented his scorning,
For an earthquake had shattered the whole ere the
morning ;

Of the pearl-coloured dome there was left but a
ruin,—

60 But an arch as a home for the ring-dove to coo in.
Shaft, turret, and spire—all were tumbled and
crumbled ;

And the soul of the Caliph within him was humbled ;
And he bowed in the dust:—‘There is none great
but Allah !

I will build Him a Mosque,’—said the Caliph
Abdallah.

65 And the Caliph has gone to his fathers for ever, ‘
But the Mosque that he builded shines still by the
river ;

And the pilgrims up-stream to this day slacken sail if
They catch the first gleam of the ‘Mosque of the
Caliph’.

XL

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

(1850—1894)

HEATHER ALE

A Galloway Legend

From the bonny bells of heather
They brewed a drink long-syne,
Was sweeter far than honey,
Was stronger far than wine.
They brewed it and they drank it, 5
And lay in a blessed swound
For days and days together
In their dwellings underground.

There rose a king in Scotland,
A fell man to his foes, 10
He smote the Picts in battle,
He hunted them like roes.
Over miles of the red mountain
He hunted as they fled,
And strewed the dwarfish bodies 15
Of the dying and the dead.

Summer came in the country,
Red was the heather bell ;

3 . But the manner of the brewing
20 Was none alive to tell.
In the graves that were like children's
On many a mountain head,
The Brewsters of the Heather
Lay numbered with the dead.

25 The king in the red moorland
Rode on a summer's day ;
And the bees hummed, and the curlews
Cried beside the way.
The king rode, and was angry,
30 Black was his brow and pale,
To rule in a land of heather
And lack the Heather Ale.

It fortune'd that his vassals,
Riding free on the heath,
35 Came on a stone that was fallen
And vermin hid beneath.
Rudely plucked from their hiding,
Never a word they spoke :
A son and his aged father—
40 Last of the dwarfish folk.

The king sat high on his charger,
He looked on the little men ;

And I dare not sell my honour
 Under the eye of my son.
 Take him, O king, and bind him,
 70 And cast him far in the deep :
 And it's I will tell the secret,
 That I have sworn to keep.'

They took the son and bound him,
 Neck and heels in a thong,
 75 And a lad took him and swung him,
 And flung him far and strong,
 And the sea swallowed his body,
 Like that of a child of ten ;—
 And there on the cliff stood the father,
 80 Last of the dwarfish men.

'True was the word I told you :
 Only my son I feared ;
 For I doubt the sapling courage
 That goes without the beard.
 85 But now in vain is the torture,
 Fire shall never avail :
 Here dies in my bosom
 The secret of Heather Ale.'

DRAMATIC POETRY

XLI

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564—1616)

ARRAGON'S CHOICE OF CASKETS

(*The Merchant of Venice*, ACT II, SCENE ix)

SCENE: *A room in Portia's house where Nerissa is waiting*

Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON, PORTIA and their Trains

Por. Behold, there stands the caskets, noble prince

If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,

Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd ;

But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,

5 You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :

First, never to unfold to any one

Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail

Of the right casket, never in my life

10 To woo a maid in way of marriage ;

Lastly,

If I do fail in fortune of my choice,

Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear

15 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address'd me. Fortune now

To my heart's hope ! Gold, silver, and base
lead.

*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all
he hath :*

You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.

What says the golden chest? ha ! let me see : 20

*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
desire.*

What many men desire ! that 'many' may be
meant

By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the 25
martlet,

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.

I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude. 30

Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves.*

And well said too ; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honourable 35

Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservèd dignity.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not deriv'd corruptly, and that clear
honour

- 40 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer.
How many then should cover that stand bare ;
How many be commanded that command ;
How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour ; and how much
honour

- 45 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice ;
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he
deserves.*

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[He opens the silver casket.

- 50 *Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.
Ar. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule ! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portia !
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !
55 *Who chooseth me shall have as much as he
deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?
Por. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices,
And of opposed natures.

Ar. What is here?

(Reads) The fire seven times tried this: 60
Seven times tried that judgement is,
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis, 65
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear 70
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth. 75

[Exit Arragon with his Train.]

Por. Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,

They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy :

80 'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.'

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

XLII

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

(1564—1616)

CÆSAR'S MURDER

(*Julius Cæsar*, ACT III, SCENE i)

SCENE: *Rome, Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting
above.*

*A crowd of People; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the
SOOTHSAYER. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA,
DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY,
LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

Cæs. [*To the Soothsayer*] The ideas of March
are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit. 5

Art. O Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cæs. What ! urge you your petitions in the street ?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to CÆSAR.]

15 *Bru.* What said Popilius Lena ?

Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discoverèd.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar : mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

20 *Brutus*, what shall be done ? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

25 *Cas.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you,

Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is address'd ; press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Cas. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

A humble heart :— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber. 35

These couchings and these lowly courtesies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet words,
Low-crookèd curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished :

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him, 45
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, *Cæsar* ;
Desiring thee, that *Publius Cimber* may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, *Brutus* !

55 *Cas.* Pardon, *Cæsar* ; *Cæsar*, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,
To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;
60 But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine,
65 But there's but one in all doth hold his place :
So, in the world ; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
70 Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,
That I was constant *Cimber* should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O *Cæsar*,—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus* !

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel? 75

Casca. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca first, then the other Conspirators and

Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.

Cæs. *Et tu Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar! *[Dies.*

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 80
‘Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!’

Bru. People and senators be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still ; ambition’s debt is paid.

HUMOROUS POETRY

Girl. My heart went pit-a-pat.
At giving up . . . ah me! ah me!
I cry so I can hardly see
All the fond looks and words that passed,
And all the kisses, to the last.

20

XLIV

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM

(1788—1845)

NOT A SOU HAD HE GOT

Not a sou had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he look'd confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the Landlady after him hurried.

5 We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning ;
We twigg'd the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
10 Reclined in the gutter we found him ;
And he look'd like a gentleman taking a snooze,
With his Marshall cloak around him.

'The Doctor's as drunk as the devil,' we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow ;
15 We raised him, and sigh'd at the thought that his head
Would 'consumedly ache' on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter

To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda-water. 20

Loudly they talk'd of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done 25
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman 'One o'clock!' bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walk'd down
From his room in the uppermost story ; 30
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

XLV

JOHN DRYDEN

(1631—1700)

MAC FLECKNOE

- All humane things are subject to decay,
 And, when Fate summons, Monarchs must obey :
 This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was call'd to Empire and had govern'd long :
- 5 In Prose and Verse was own'd, without dispute
 Through all the realms of Non-sense, absolute.
 This aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate
- 10 To settle the Succession of the State ;
 And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
 To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit,
 Cry'd, ' 'tis resolv'd ; for Nature pleads that He
 Should only rule, who most resembles me :
- 15 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
 Shadwell alone of all my Sons is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
- 20 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Some Beams of Wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through and make a lucid interval ;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day.
 Besides, his goodly Fabric fills the eye 25
 And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty :
 Thoughtless as Monarch Oaks that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but Types of thee,
 Thou last great Prophet of Tautology : 30
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way :
 And coarsely clad in Norwich drugget came
 To teach the Nations in thy greater name.'
 He said, but his last words were scarcely heard, 35
 For Bruce and Longville had a Trap prepar'd,
 And down they sent the yet declaiming Bard.
 Sinking he left his drugget robe behind,
 Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
 The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part 40
 With double portion of his Father's 'Art.

XLVI

ALEXANDER POPE

(1688—1744)

[*Occasioned by Reading the Travels of Captain Lemuel
Gulliver.*]

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

AN ODE BY TITTY TIT, POET LAUREATE TO HIS MAJESTY OF

LILLIPUT

In amaze
Lost I gaze,
Can our eyes
Reach thy size?
5 May my lays
Swell with praise,
Worthy thee!
Worthy me!
Muse, inspire
10 All thy fire!
Bards of old
Of him told,
When they said
Atlas' head
15 Propp'd the skies:
See, and believe your eyes!

See him stride
 Valleys wide,
 Over woods,
 Over floods! 20
 When he treads,
 Mountains' heads
 Groan and shake :
 Armies quake ;
 Lest his spurn 25
 Overturn
 Man and steed :
 'Troops, take heed !
 Left and right,
 Speed your flight, 30
 Lest a host
 Beneath his foot be lost !

Turn'd aside,
 From his hide,
 Safe from wound, 35
 Darts rebound :
 From his nose
 Clouds he blows :
 When he speaks,
 Thunder breaks ! 40

When he eats,
Famine threats :
When he drinks,
Neptune shrinks ;
45 Nigh thy ear
In mid air,
On thy hand
Let me stand ;
So shall I,
50 Lofly poet, touch the sky.

XLVII
JOHN GODFREY SAXE

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

Where an honest young lawyer might gain
20 Some reward for the toil of his mind.

‘ ’Tis not that I’m wanting in law,
Or lack an intelligent face,
That others have cases to plead,
While I have to plead for a case.

25 ‘Oh, how can a modest young man
E’er hope for the smallest progression,—
The profession’s already so full
Of lawyers full of profession!’

While thus he was strolling around,
30 His eye accidentally fell
On a very deep hole in the ground,
And he sighed to himself, ‘It is well!’

To curb his emotions, he sat
On the curbstone the space of a minute,
35 Then cried, ‘Here’s an opening at last!’
And in less than a jiffy was in it!

Next morning twelve citizens came
 (’Twas the coroner bade them attend)
To the end that it might be determined
40 How the man had determined his end!

'The man was a lawyer, I hear,'
Quoth the foreman who sat on the corse.
'A lawyer? Alas!' said another,
'Undoubtedly died of remorse!'

A third said, 'I knew the deceased, 45
An attorney well versed in the laws,
And as to the cause of his death,
'Twas no doubt for the want of a cause.'

The jury decided at length,
After solemnly weighing the matter, 50
'That the lawyer was drowned, because
He could not keep his head above water!'

NOTES

I

UP! UP! MY FRIEND

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770—1850) is primarily a poet of nature. His best poems are characterized by a keen insight into the beauties, and a spiritual interpretation, of external nature. The mystical rapture that he feels in the presence of the living world is akin to religious emotion. He has himself summed up his poetical doctrine that

the forms

Of Nature have a passion in themselves,
That intermingles with those works of man
To which she summons him.

Wordsworth is a very voluminous writer. But his genius shines best in his lyrical poems and sonnets. His lyrics have a feeling of freshness and a meditative sweetness. Among his chief poems are *The Prelude*, *The Excursion*, *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* and *Tintern Abbey*.

The central idea of this poem is that 'in communion with external nature a moment may come which will evoke from the heart more moral energy than can be taught by books. The contrast is not merely between books and nature, but also between the genial temper of mind induced by external nature, when rightly observed and felt, and the temper of the mere analytic intellect'.

NOTES

Cf. his poem, *To My Sister* :

My sister ! ('tis a wish of mine)
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you,—and, pray,
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book, for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason.
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

II

A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER

JOHN KEATS (1795—1821) is the poet and prophet of beauty. His poetry is noted for its unsurpassed sensuous delight, intense imagination, a magical, fascinating felicity of expression and exquisitely melodious versification. He is a pure artist. He appears at his best in his Odes—the *Ode to a Nightingale*, *Ode on a Grecian Urn* and *Ode to Autumn* being the most important. Others of his best poems are *Endymion*, *Lamia*, *Hyperion* and *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

This passage consists of the first 33 lines of *Endymion*.

NOTES

21. Cf. Thomson's *Seasons*, 'Winter,' l. 432:
And hold high converse with the mighty dead.

III

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809—1883) will be remembered in English literature for his translation of the Persian poem, *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*. He does not profess to give a literal or correct translation; but he has been wonderfully successful in his free translation, which has an artistic beauty and originality of its own.

He was also interested in Spanish literature and he translated six dramas of Calderon, besides some plays of Æschylus and Sophocles.

Omar Khayyám (Omar the Tent-maker) was an astronomer-poet of Persia. He was born at Naishápúr, in Khorasan, in the later half of the 11th century and he died in the first quarter of the 12th century. 'He was the poet of Agnosticism and Epicureanism; having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it.'

Rubáiyát: Stanzas of four lines of equal length, the first, second and fourth rhyming together.

12. *of a distant Drum*: 'beaten outside a palace to summon the soldiers. Death's summons need cause no anxiety while it is yet far off.'

13. *Caravanserai*: an inn for putting up caravans. Here the word stands for this world.

NOTES

18. *Jamshyd*: an early legendary King of Persia, renowned for his cup, called 'Jam-i-Jamshyd' which was filled with the elixir of life. The genii hid this cup, but it was later on discovered when digging the foundations of Persepolis.

Cf. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*:

I know, too, where the genii hid
The jewelled cup of their king Jamshyd,
With life's elixir sparkling high.

19. *Bahrām*: king of Persia from about 420—438, called Bahram Gor for his love of hunting the *wild ass*.

24. *Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years*: according to Dr. Nicholson the 7,000 years are counted from the birth of Adam.

27. *Dust into Dust*: cf. Longfellow, *Psalm of Life*:

Dust thou art, to dust returnest!

28. *Sans*: French word meaning 'without'.

Cf. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, II, vii, 163-66:

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

37-40. *Ah, fill the Cup sweet*: this stanza is typical of the Epicurean spirit, 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'

41. *Chequer-board*: chess-board.

45. *Writes*: in the Book of Fate.

NOTES

IV

THE BROOK

ALFRED TENNYSON (1809—1892) was the most popular poet of his time. He has the accuracy of scientific observation combined with the glory of an artistic sensibility. Thus he clothes his descriptions of nature in lovely imagery where variety and finish are found side by side. He has obtained a complete harmony of form and matter. As a poet who has expressed the simple emotions of everyday life, and painted typical English scenery in melodious verse, with a perfection of style and a thorough mastery of language, he will always hold a high rank. Among his most famous poems are *In Memoriam*, *Maud*, *Enoch Arden* and *Idylls of the King*.

1. *coot and hern*: names of two kinds of water-fowl.

4. *to bicker*: literally it means 'to skirmish'. Here it means the rapidly repeated noisy action or the brawling of the stream over stones.

7. *thorps*: hamlets; villages.

14. *sharps and trebles*: high notes in music.

20. *willow-weed and mallow*: two kinds of plants growing on marshy soil. Notice the alliteration in this line.

28. *grayling*: a kind of fish.

43. *netted*: forming a network as it shines through the overhanging branches.

NOTES

Cf. Shelley, *Arethusa*, ll. 61-63 :

Through the dim beams

Which amid the streams

Weave a net-work of coloured light.

47. *shingly bars* : small mounds of coarse gravel.

48. *cresses* : the plants, water-cresses, growing in the brook.

V

PROSPICE

ROBERT BROWNING (1812—1889) is the chief philosophical poet of the nineteenth century. His poems are inspired by a deep psychological knowledge, and a power to analyse the moods and sentiments, the moral and spiritual conflicts of individuals. At the same time he is an optimist, believing in the eternal greatness of the soul of man ; and a singer of the song of love and youth. His most ambitious works are *Paracelsus*, *Sordello*, and *The Ring and the Book*. His best known poems are *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *A Grammarian's Funeral* and *Prospice*.

The title of this poem means 'look forward' from the Latin *pro* (forward) and *spice* (look).

Prospice was written in 1861, a few months after the death of Mrs. Browning.

1. *to feel, etc.* : do I fear to feel, etc.

4. *nearing the place* : approaching death.

5-6. *power, press, post* : objects showing nearness.

7. *Arch Fear* : Death.

15. *forbore* : refrained from displaying all of his terrors out of compassion.

NOTES

27. *O thou soul of my soul!*: addresses his dead wife.

VI

ALL FOR THE CAUSE!

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834—1896) was a poet who believed in the principle of 'sheer craftsmanship' in poetry, which was to him an artistic expression of the joy of life. His poetry aims to recall pleasure to an age that had forgotten what can be paradise on earth. His poems are noted for their simplicity and sincerity, clarity of ideas and melody of verse. Special mention may be made of *The Earthly Paradise*, *The Life and Death of Jason* and *Love is Enough*.

A similar sentiment is expressed in Campbell, *Men of England*:

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood?
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on field and flood. . .

Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the freedom of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same. . .

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sidney's matchless shade is yours,
Martyrs in heroic story
Worth a hundred Agincourts!

NOTES

We're the sons of sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny;—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birthrights—so will we!

VII

BEYOND THE LAST LAMP

THOMAS HARDY (1840—1928) was the greatest novelist of the late Victorian period. His *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *The Return of the Native*, and *Jude the Obscure*, are very well-known. His poems are characterized by a 'satisfying flatness', the spirit of interrogation, an undercurrent of intelligent pessimism, showing him as a master interpreter of character and human life, his sense of pity being keener than that of any modern writer. His chief poetical works are *Wessex Poems*, *Time's Laughing Stocks*, *Satires of Circumstance* and the great epic-drama, *The Dynasts*.

This poem is famous for its melody. Notice the alliterative expressions used so naturally and spontaneously.

31. *tryst*: appointed place for meeting; rendez-vous.

VIII

THE CHAMPA FLOWER

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE (1861—) is the greatest living poet of India and one of the greatest of the world. In 1911 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature.

NOTES

His lyrics have a special charm, and few poets, if any, have surpassed him in depth of emotion and sincerity of expression. 'His devotional lyrics,' says W. B. Yeats, 'full of subtlety of rhythm, of untranslatable delicacies of colour, of metrical invention, display in their thought a world I have dreamt of so long'.

His chief (English) poetical collections are *Gitanjali*, *The Crescent Moon*, and *The Gardner*.

This poem is taken from *The Crescent Moon*, published in 1913. It illustrates the spirit of 'make believe' so common and so essential in children. It also paints the daily life of a typical Hindu lady.

IX

TRAVELLER, MUST YOU GO?

(For note on the author, see VIII)

This poem is taken from *The Gardener*, published in 1913.

It has an allegorical significance. The beloved represents the world with all its attractions, and the traveller stands for the man who has resolved to renounce the world.

X

THE WEST WIND

JOHN MASEFIELD (1876—) is the present Poet Laureate of England. His poems possess a

NOTES

passionate intensity, a penetrative psychological interest, a new openness and frankness that suppress nothing. His style of versification is also quite opposed to the Victorian picturesque orthodox method, and has caused a sensation by its newness and modernity. His chief poems are *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Widow in the Bye Street*, *Daffodil Fields*, *Dauber*, and *Reynard the Fox*. Besides being a poet, he is a great force in modern domestic drama. He has written about fifteen dramas, of which *The Tragedy of Nan* and *Melloney Holtspur* are the most popular.

The West Wind is one of the most charming of English lyrics.

XI

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

JAMES ELROY FLECKER (1884—1915) will long be remembered for his poetic play, *Hassan*.

He did not write personal and emotional poetry and was inspired with the 'single intention of creating beauty'.

His enchanting lyrics are exquisite, full of sensuous, personal emotion, a certain romantic intensity and an atmosphere of Eastern fantasia.

In this poem Flecker describes the journey of a

The poem has an allegorical interpretation. Samarkand represents truth and wisdom while Baghdad stands for worldly attractions. The journey caravan from Baghdad to Samarkand.

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from Baghdad to Samarkand may, therefore, be the journey undertaken by some God-fearing and God-loving people in search of Truth.

14. *Orient sand*: Samarkand.

17. *they whiten peaceably*: their bones whiten in the desert.

24. *palm-girt wells*: the wells surrounded by palm trees in Baghdad.

37. *spikenard*: a costly aromatic ointment used in old times.

38. *mastic*: gum used in varnish
terebinth: turpentine.

41. *peacock styles*: illuminated, either in peacock colours or with peacocks in the margin.

42. *Ali of Damascus*: an imaginary writer.

XII

WHERE SHALL THE LOVER REST?

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771—1832) is popularly known as the writer of *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Heart of Midlothian*, *Redgauntlet*, *Guy Mannering* and other novels. But he also wrote several metrical romances, lyrical pieces, ballads and songs. His poems are noted for their free, rapid and vigorous style, for the poet's breadth and range of romantic sympathies, his creation of antiquarian associations with the feudal past, and the pictorial power of his descriptions. He is a poet of action rather than of mood or sentiment. His chief long narrative poems are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*.

NOTES

This song is taken from *Marmion*, III. x. published in 1808.

9. *Eleu loro*: These words seem to have been coined by the poet as sounds expressive of grief. Some annotators, however, connect them with the Italian *ela* (alas) and *loro* (for them).

12. *laving*: washing. Cf. Milton: 'But as I rose out of the laving stream'.

XIII

HUNTING SONG

(For note on the author, see XII)

This is one of the most famous songs of Scott.

5. *couple*: leash for holding two hounds together.

12. *Diamonds*: of dew. Cf. Coleridge, *Youth and Age*, I, 39: 'Dew-drops are the gems of morning'.

29. *balk*: frustrate; to bar the way of. Also spelt *balk*.

XIV

TARTARY

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873—) is one of those modern poets who seek refuge from the complexity of modern civilization by falling back upon simple and elemental things. His poems find inspiration in the direct vision of childhood, but they are not childish in the least. On the other hand they pulsate with a mature understanding, a comprehensive intellectual outlook, and rich imagination, combined with

NOTES

perfect craftsmanship and artistic excellence in 'under-statement'. His poems are all short, but fresh and charming. The chief ones are contained in the *Songs of Childhood*, *Peacock Pie*, *Motley* and *The Veil*.

15. *mandoline*: 'musical instrument with four to six metal strings stretched on deeply-rounded body'.

21. *morning-star*: Venus, when visible in the east before sunrise.

XV

GUERDON

SAROJINI NAIDU (1879—) is famous for the bird-like quality of her songs, and for this reason is justly styled 'The Nightingale of India'. 'Of the four greatest English lyric poets of the nineteenth century', says Mr. H. G. Turnbull, Mrs. Naidu's latest editor, 'Shelley, with a supreme gift of natural song, feels a call to reform the world; Keats, who is sometimes quoted as the type of the pure artist, ponders, young as he is, over the moral problem of the world; Tennyson writes some of his finest poems on patriotic themes; Swinburne, besides throwing himself into some of the larger political movements of his time, sings of the sea epic of England. Naturally enough, therefore, we find Mrs. Naidu giving direct expression to both these ideals of her art—first the joy of song and the desire for beauty, secondly the idea of service to her country or to mankind'.

NOTES

The three volumes containing her poems are *The Golden Threshold*, *The Bird of Time* and *The Broken Wing*.

Mr. Turnbull's remarks are worth quoting. He says: 'In this simple but effective little poem, characterized by directness and economy of words, Mrs. Naidu passes in review the various ends to which, by way of guerdon (reward) or of self-realization, different types of life should attain—the fruit of their births, so to speak. Her own prayer is for Love, Truth and Songs'.

19. *cohort*: originally a division of the Roman army; now the word means any band of warriors.

XVI

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

WALT WHITMAN (1819—1892) was a great revolutionary in nineteenth-century American literature. His poems shocked the academic traditions of American literature by their unconventionality, by their suggestiveness, by their 'rude, strong, non-chalant utterances', by the frankness and outspokenness of their treatment of the problems of sex, and by the poet's broad, massive, 'rolling processional style'. His chief works are *Leaves of Grass*, *Specimen Days* and *November Boughs*.

This poem is taken from the section 'Memories of President Lincoln' from *Leaves of Grass*. The title refers to Abraham Lincoln, a man of very high principles and the sixteenth President of the United

NOTES

States. Born in 1809 he was elected President in 1860. On New Year's Day, 1863, he proclaimed the emancipation of the negroes. He was re-elected President in 1864 but was brutally assassinated the next year.

1. *fearful trip* : perilous voyage. The stupendous task of the abolition of slavery is compared to a perilous voyage under the command of Lincoln who is called the captain of the ship.

2. *rack* : storm-clouds driven by the wind.

prize : the abolition of slavery by Lincoln in 1863.

XVII

ON A DEAD CHILD

ROBERT BRIDGES (1844—1930) the late Poet Laureate, has written beautiful lyrics and songs which are characterized by two outstanding features. They are primarily emotional and not intellectual; and they are stamped with the qualities of sincerity and simplicity. The emotion in his poems is not a loud shout of joy or passionate yearning, but a contemplative, sober, calm feeling. And in the poems he has made many successful metrical experiments. Excluding the plays, the *Collected Poems* contain his chief lyrics, of which *I will not let thee go ; So sweet love seemed ; Awake, my heart, to be loved*, are the most famous.

'Of all modern elegies,' says J. H. Fowler, 'this (*On a Dead Child*) reproduces most closely the finely

NOTES

chiselled beauty of classical sculpture and classical elegy'.

XVIII

FOR THE FALLEN

LAURENCE BINYON (1869—) is one of those accomplished modern poets who have felt the call of the town, especially the call of London, and found matter for poetry and inspiration in 'the dear, damn'd, distracting town'. His poetry is characterized by the wonder and the spell of the streets, of

The rustle and echo of footfalls,
The flat roar and rattle of wheels.

His chief poems are included in *The Anvil and other Poems*, and *Auguries*.

In this poem England is mourning the loss and praising the bravery of her gallant sons who died in the Great War. The lines of the fourth stanza are inscribed on many war memorials.

XIX

EPITAPH

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772—1834) was one of the chief leaders of the Romantic school of poetry. His poetry is characterized by delicate dreaminess, languid charm, soothing grace, imaginative sensitiveness of the unseen aspects of nature, the introduction of the supernatural into romantic narrative, and the command of phrase and metre. These qualities are

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seen at their best in *The Ancient Mariner*, and *Christabel*.

4. S. T. C. : Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

XX

REMEMBRANCE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616) is the greatest dramatist of England, and one of the greatest of the world. His dramas have a universal appeal, and they have been translated into all the civilized languages of the world. His chief tragedies are *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Julius Cæsar*; and among his comedies may be noted *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Besides the thirty-seven plays attributed to him, Shakespeare also wrote some poems and many charming sonnets which are as characteristic of his genius as the greater creations of the dramas.

1-2. *When . . . past*: memory is called to bear witness, as in a law court.

4. *new wail*: bewail afresh; mourn again.

6. *dateless*: endless.

8. *expense*: loss.

10. *tell*: count. A person who counts votes is called a 'teller'.

12. *new*: newly; again.

NOTES

XXI

ON HIS BLINDNESS

JOHN MILTON (1608—1674) was incomparably the greatest poet of his age. In his poetry there is the union of creative power and a sustained majesty of thought. His style has been compared to a 'satin brocade, stiff with gold, exactly fitted to the body'. The verse of Milton walks majestically, and advances proudly. His love for condensed statement, his admirable handling of metre, his passionate moral earnestness, his mastery of harmony and rhythm deserve special mention. His greatest work is *Paradise Lost*. But his sonnets also occupy a high place in English poetry.

The construction of the first eight lines is: 'I fondly ask, "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"', when I consider chide.'

3. *talent*: the gift of writing poetry. There is also a reference to the Parable of the Talents, *Matthew*, xxv. 14—30.

7. *Doth God . . . denied*: Cf. *John*, ix, 4. No 'day-labour' can be expected of him because he only knows an unbroken 'night' when no man can work.

8. *fondly*: foolishly.

XXII

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

(For note on the author, see I)

1. *The world*: worldliness; materialism.

NOTES

3. *that is ours*: which appeals to us.
4. *boon*: bargain.
5. *The sea moon*: Cf. Coleridge: 'And on the lake the silver lustre sleeps'.
6. *will be howling*: are eager to howl; *will* is here a notional verb.
7. *up-gathered*: held in check.
10. *outworn*: obsolete; out of date.
13. *Proteus*: the 'old man of the sea'. He possessed the gift of prophecy and the power of assuming any shape he liked.
14. *Triton*: a sea-god, half man and half dolphin. He had a twisted spiral-shaped conch-shell which he blew gently or violently to calm or raise the winds.

XXIII

THE SOLDIER

RUPERT BROOKE (1887—1914), who gave up his life for his country, is the best known of the soldier poets whose works were stimulated by the Great War. His poems exhibit the qualities of his mind and heart. They are characterized by directness of appeal, clarity of vision, originality of utterance and a rapture of sensation. His best known poems are *The Soldier*, *The Dead*, *Grantchester*, *The Great Lover* and *Dining-Room Tea*.

4. *richer dust*: the dust of his body.
5. *made aware*: educated.
10. *pulse*: the metaphor is that the poet will be to the eternal mind as the pulse is to the individual,

NOTES

a heart-beat, as it were, of the universal heart, one impulse of the universal mind or spirit.

11. *somewhere*: where he will die.

XXIV

TO A YOUNG ASS

(For note on the author, see XIX)

12. *Which patient . . . takes*: see *Hamlet*, III.

i. 74. (The correct line is 'That patient merit of the unworthy takes'.)

XXV

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN

GEORGE GORDON BYRON (1788—1824) 'was the most popular poet of his day. He brought into English poetry 'a vast and valuable stock of new imagery new properties, new scenery and decoration'. He has the greatest European reputation of all the English poets of the nineteenth century. He changed the temper of English poetry and gave it a 'dash of the continental, the cosmopolitan'. His breadth and vigour of imagination, his strong individuality, and his satiric wit, pervade all his poems, the most famous of which are *Childe Harold*, *Don Juan*, and *A Vision of Judgment*.

These stanzas are taken from *Childe Harold*, Canto IV, where they are numbered as clxxxix, clxxxx, clxxxi and clxxxiv.

In the words of Mr. Tucker: 'Byron's love of nature, though ardent and sincere, was reserved

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chiefly for her grander aspects. Both the mountains and the sea called to him with irresistible appeal, and both he celebrated in verse that fairly rises to the sublimity of his themes. The following stanzas, though hackneyed, can never grow old, such is their glorious energy and power'.

9. *unknelled, unconfined, and unknown*: Cf. Scott: 'unwept, unhonoured and unsung'.

10. Cf. *Psalms*, lxxvii, 19:

Thy way was in the sea,
And thy paths in the great waters,
And thy footsteps were not unknown.

18. *lay*: inaccurately used for *lie*.

22. *oak leviathans*: huge ships made of oak. 'Leviathan' is the Hebrew name for a whale.

27. *Armada*: the Spanish Armada, which was destroyed partly by the English fleet and partly by terrible storms in 1588.

Trafalgar: the battle of Trafalgar in which the English under Nelson defeated the French fleet in 1805.

XXVI

INVOCATION

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792—1822) wrote poems as a flower gives fragrance. Poetry was natural to him. His passion for ideal beauty is unparalleled in the realm of English literature. Of all the poets, his best poetry is the least earthly. He sang from the blue aerial heights, mounting high as a skylark. His lyrical faculty, the depths of his inner and

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outer music, the ecstasy of his feelings, his unmatched harmony, are all divine. It has been well said: 'He has made our hard, sibilant language a thing for fire and air. The beauty of the visible world strikes his prismatic imagination and is dissolved into rainbow colours; the very personality of the singer melts into his song, until he ceases to be a man and becomes a voice, a lyric incarnate'. His chief works are *Prometheus Unbound*, *Adonais* and *Alastor*.

Mrs. Shelley, speaking of the summer of 1821, spent near Pisa in Italy, where this poem was written, says: 'It was a pleasant summer, bright, in all but Shelley's health and inconstant spirits, yet he enjoyed himself greatly, and became more and more attached to the part of the country where chance appeared to cast us'.

22. *Thou wilt come for pleasure*: 'in other words, the best way to become cheerful is to be cheerful—which is doubtless excellent advice.'

XXVII

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

(For note on the author, see XXVI)

Another title of this poem is 'The Indian Serenade'. (Aerenade is an evening song or instrumental piece sung or played by a lover at his lady's window.)

11. *champak*: champac tree which has highly fragrant orange-coloured flowers.

NOTES

12. *like sweet thoughts*: 'The faint sweet odours, vanishing even as we become conscious of them, are compared to the fugitive, scarcely apprehended, thoughts of a dreamer' (Fowler).

XXVIII

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES (1871—) is not a poet of a wide range. But within certain limits his poems are most spontaneous; there is nothing laboured about them, nothing that may smell of heavy scholarship or literary artifices. All his poems are 'wrapped in a deceptive aura of simplicity'. For clearness of vision, for freshness of imagination, for the surprising delicacy of his objective descriptions, he holds the highest rank among present-day poets. His famous poems are *Where She is Now*, *Leisure*, *Rich Days*, *A Great Time*, *Early Spring* and *The Moon*.

25-28. Compare with the sentiment expressed here the famous words of Boileau: 'How happy the man who, unknown to the world, lives content with himself in some nook apart'.

XXIX

ODE TO H. E. H. THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD

(For note on the authoress, see XV)

7. *diverse creeds*: as mentioned in the following stanzas.

NOTES

9. *votaries . . . faith*: Mohammedans.

11-12. *who bear . . . belief*: 'Hindus who wear on their foreheads the marks of their sect (Vaishnavite or Shivaite) and whose sacred books are the Vedas'.

13-14. *who worshipping . . . sea*: Parsis, who in the seventh century fled from Persia and came to India.

15-16. *who bow . . . Galilee*: Christians. The reference is to the miracle of Christ when he walked on the lake of Galilee in Palestine.

19. *Thousand Nights: The Arabian Nights Entertainments* or the *Thousand and One Nights*, wherein the splendours of magnificent palaces and courts are described.

21. *Saki*: cup-bearer (Persian, *saghi*).

27-28. The reference is probably to the Ajanta and Ellora caves which are in the Hyderabad State.

38. *Firdusi*: or Firdausi (950-1020), the eminent Persian poet who wrote the *Sháh Náma* wherein he described the deeds of kings and heroes.

XXX

THE FLUTE-PLAYER OF BRINDABAN

(For note on the authoress, see XV)

Mrs. Naidu's remarks on the title of this poem are: 'Krishna, the Divine Flute-Player of Brindaban, who plays the tune of the Infinite that lures every Hindu heart from mortal cares and attachments'.

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2. *Kadamba*: 'a large tree with spreading branches and orange-coloured, fragrant blossoms. It bears a fruit about the size of a small orange' (Turnbull).

13. *Indra*: the God of rain.

15. *Yama*: the God of death.

XXXI

SATAN'S RALLYING OF FORCES

(For note on the author, see XX)

This speech (ll. 156—191 of *Paradise Lost*, Book I) is in answer to the disappointment expressed by Satan's 'bold compeer', Beelzebub, after 'the dire event',

That, with sad overthrow and foul defeat,
Hath lost us Heaven.

2. *Cherub*: Cherubim and Seraphim are the angels of Knowledge and Love respectively.

12. *if I fail not*: if I am not mistaken or deceived.

17. *o'erblown*: having ceased to blow.
laid: calmed; caused to subside.

24. *satiate*: satiated; satisfied.

27. *livid*: blue-black. The blue flames are due to the 'ever burning sulphur unconsumed' in hell.

31. *afflicted*: crushed.

NOTES

XXXII

SOHRAB'S IDENTITY REVEALED

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888) in his poems is a critic of life. There is a charm of culture, not of nature, about them. They are polished, proportionate, having a mellow suavity rather than any impetuous passion in them. His verse is classical in tone and spirit, rather than romantic. The harmony of his verse is the result of his art; it is not like the song of a bird. His poems are characterized by a certain marked wistfulness of outlook and a pronounced serenity of temper. His best poems are *Sohrab and Rustum*, *The Scholar Gipsy*, *Rugby Chapel*. He also wrote several prose works and much literary criticism.

This extract commences from l. 540 of *Sohrab and Rustum*. The two champions of the Tartar and Persian camps, unknown to each other, meet on the battlefield where Sohrab is mortally wounded by his own father :

So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

2. *Unknown thou art*: the reference is to Rustum's speech :

Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent.

.
Fool ! thou art slain, and by an unknown hand.

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4. *Rustum*: Sohrab was unnerved when he heard his opponent shout the name of his father whom he longed to meet:

Then Rustum rais'd his head: his dreadful eyes
Glar'd, and shook on high his menacing spear,
And shouted 'Rustum'!

19. *The mighty . . . son*: Rustum's wife, after the birth of Sohrab, informed her husband that a girl was born to her. She feared that Rustum, who was generally out fighting, would take away the son also, and thus she would be condemned for ever to a lonely life.

51. *That seal*: the figure of a griffin, called *simurg* in Persian.

71-73. *It was . . . rocks*. Zal, the father of Rustum, had white hair on his head at the time of his birth. This was considered ominous by his parents who left him in a jungle where a griffin found him and brought him up.

XXXIII

THE BALLAD OF FATHER GILLIGAN

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865—) is the leader of the new movement in the Irish theatre. His dramas are all poetic and symbolic. *The Countess Cathleen* is regarded as his finest achievement and one of the most beautiful poetic dramas of modern times. All his poems are pervaded by the same spirit of symbolism, a power of lyrical intensity, the mystic union of spiritual things with

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material. He was awarded in 1924 the Nobel Prize for Literature. His best poems are *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*, *The Falling of the Leaves*, *The Stolen Child* and *When You are Old*.

3. *flock*: members of his congregation, parishioners. The priest is the shepherd and the people of the parish, his sheep.

Cf. Milton's *Lycidas*:

The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

XXXIV

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807—1882) was the most popular American poet of the nineteenth century. His poetry cannot provoke strong passions or stimulate intense emotions; it has no rapturous appeal. But his verse is dignified and distinguished by the qualities of deftness and grace, of kind humanity and familiar simplicity. He possesses great force as a narrative poet. His poems are numerous, but some of the best ones are contained in the collections, *Voices of the Night*, *The Seaside and the Fireside*, *In the Harbour*.

'Hiawatha, the prophet-teacher, represents the progress of civilization among the North American Indians. Hiawatha first wrestled with Mondámin (maize) and, having subdued it, gave it to man for food. He then taught man navigation; then he subdued Mishe Nahma (the sturgeon) and taught the

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Indians how to make oil therefrom for winter. His next exploit was against the magician Megis-sónnon, the author of disease and death; having slain this monster, he taught man the science of medicine. He then married Minneháha (Laughing Water) and taught man to be the husband of one wife, and the comforts of domestic peace. Lastly, he taught man picture-writing. When the white men came with the gospel, Hiawatha ascended to the kingdom of Ponémah, the land of the here-after'.

1. *wigwam*: a hut of American Indians.

5. *chalcédony*: a precious stone of the quartz kind.

68. *Falls of Minneháha*: the daughter of the arrow-maker of Dacotah was named Minneháha after the waterfall of that name between St. Anthony and Fort Snelling:

From the waterfall, he named her,
Minneháha, Laughing Water.

96. *Nokomis*: the grandmother of Hiawatha.

XXXV

DAY: A PASTORAL

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM (1784—1842) was a Scottish poet of the first half of the nineteenth century, and he had a natural gift of writing homely ballads and popular songs in a clear, vivid style. The appeal lies in their direct simplicity and sincerity. His

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most famous poetical pieces are : *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, and *Hame, Hame, Hame*.

6. *meridian heat* : when the sun is at its highest altitude.

17. *zephyr* : the west wind.

XXXVI

ULYSSES

(For note on the author, see IV)

1. *an idle king*. Ulysses (whose name in Greek was Odysseus), king of Ithaca, took a leading part in the Trojan War. On his homeward journey, after the war, he wandered for about twenty years. Reaching home he found his wife, Penelope, beset by a host of suitors. With the aid of Minerva and his son, Telemachus, he slew all of them and then reigned peacefully in his country. He was famous for his eloquence, wisdom and fortitude.

With its advocacy of a life of incessant discovery in the realms of science and thought, Tennyson's *Ulysses* may be compared to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* :

Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
And always moving as the restless spheres
Will us to wear ourselves and never rest.

3. *mete and dole* : 'measure and deal out, minutely and carefully dispense'.

10. *Hyades* : a constellation of seven stars, the rising and setting of which were accompanied by squalls. (*Hyades* in Greek means *rainy ones*.)

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19-21. *Yet all . . . I move*: Cf. Goldsmith, *The Traveller*, 27-28:

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

31. *sinking star*: the star passing below the horizon.

63. *The Happy Isles*: '*fortunatae insulae*, islands in the Atlantic Ocean off the west coast of Africa, supposed to be the modern Canary Isles. They formed the Greek Paradise, the abode of the virtuous after death'.

64. *Achilles*: the greatest of the Greek heroes who fought in the Trojan War. He was killed before Troy was taken and his arms were awarded to Ulysses.

XXXVII

BUDDHA'S PREPARATION FOR RENUNCIATION

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD (1832—1904) is popularly remembered as the author of *The Light of Asia* which has 'that agreeable fluency and play of fancy that pleases a large number of readers . . . It opened what was practically a sealed book to the public at large—the life and faith of an Eastern people—a subject that of late has received increasing attention from men of letters'. His other poems are *Pearls of the Faith*, *Lotus and Jewel* and *The Light of the World*.

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This extract is taken from Book Third of *The Light of Asia*. The request of Prince Siddhartha (who later became Lord Buddha) 'that he may ride abroad and see mankind' had to be granted by his father, king Suddhodana. But to ensure that Siddhartha, who already had yearnings towards renunciation, should see only the bright side of life, the king orders his officers:

Let the criers go about and bid
My city deck itself, so there be met
No noisome sight, and let none blind or maimed,
None that is sick, or stricken deep in years,
No leper, and no feeble folk come forth.

15. *orbs*: eyes.

17-20. *one skinny . . . breath*:

Cf. The Eighth Book of *The Light of Asia*:

Ask of the sick, the mourners, ask of him
Who tottereth on his staff, lone and forlorn,
Liketh thee life?—these say the babe is wise
That weepeth, being born.

27. *lair*: the place where animals lie down. Notice the contemptuous way in which the poor old man is treated by the officers.

29. *Channa*: The name of Siddhartha's chariot-driver.

51. *Yasodhara*: Siddhartha's princess.

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XXXVIII

THE MACHINE

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON (1880—) 'is essentially the laureate of modern industrialism, though an unexultant laureate, who tells chiefly of the man-made hell of machines and creatures of machines'. Of all the present-day poets he has most faithfully described in verse the paralyzing influence and the deadening effect of the twentieth century craze for specialization. He has an unusual, active imagination and a far-reaching vision that can penetrate into the life and work, the disappointment and hope, and the grinding poverty of the arduous labourer. His typical poems are included in *Daily Bread*, *Livelihood* and *Stonefolds*.

43. *jigging*: moving up and down, rapidly and and jerkily.

68. *criss-cross*: crossing in all directions.

71. *Too tired . . . to eat*:

Cf. Goldsmith, *The Traveller*, l. 429:

To stop too fearful, and too faint to go.

99. *leering*: glancing slyly.

144. *nigh*: nearly, almost.

161. *sousing*: soaking; saturating.

XXXIX

THE MOSQUE OF THE CALIPH

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON (1840—1921) is a consummate master of light verse. 'He has a ripe and

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scholarly imagination, a delicate and plastic fancy ranging from grave to gay, and a technical mastery over rhyme and metre, that is never at fault'. His *At the Sign of the Lyre* was very popular. Among his well-known poetical works are *Vignettes in Rhyme*, *Proverbs in Porcelain* and *Old World Idylls*. He has also written in prose the biographies of Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, Walpole and Hogarth.

26. *butments*: pieces of stones abutting on larger ones.

32. *pilaster*: a square or rectangular column or pillar engaged in a wall from which it projects.

33. *groinings*: edges formed by the intersections of two vaults.

35. *cupola*: a rounded vault or dome rising above a roof.

41. *King David*: David, King of Israel, who reigned about 1015-975 B.C.

44. *Pool of Mahomet*: situated just inside the gates of Paradise. 'It was white as milk and he who drank thereof would never thirst again'.

XL

HEATHER ALE

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850—1894) is more famous as a writer of romances in prose and as an essayist and literary artist than as a poet, his popular novels being *Kidnapped*, *Catriona*, and *Treasure Island*. Some of his fascinating essays are found in

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Virginibus Puerisque. In his verse he exhibits his gift of style, but his poetry is not great. There are wonderful touches here and there ; the phrases are well arrayed ; the cadence is original and the melody is sweet. There is much fine taste in his poems, but not much music of the soul. His poems are contained in *A Child's Garden of Verses*, *Underwoods*, *Ballads* and *Songs of Travel*.

2. *long-syne* : long ago.

6. *swound* : swoon ; fit ; state of unconsciousness.

XLI

ARRAGON'S CHOICE OF CASKETS

(For note on the author, see XX)

2. *that* : Portia's father had left three caskets, one of gold, another of silver and the third of lead. Her portrait was contained in the leaden casket and whosoever selected that would win her hand in marriage.

24. *fond* : foolish.

35. *cozen* : cheat ; deceive.

XLII

CÆSAR'S MURDER

(For note on the author, see XX)

1. *ides of March* : 15th of March.

10. *sirrah* : fellow.

12. *Capitol* : a temple to Jupiter and one of the most magnificent buildings in Rome.

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28. *prefer*: present.
29. *address'd*: ready.
39. *fond*: see XLI, l. 24 above.
60. *northern star*: the Pole Star which being always exactly due north, gives direction to ships.
74. *Olympus*: a high mountain of Macedonia and Thessaly. It was supposed to touch the heavens and hence was considered to be the seat of the gods.
77. *Et tu, Brute!*: You too, Brutus!
Cf. Thomson, *Winter*, ll. 524-6:
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urged
Lifted the Roman steel against thy friend.

XLIII

'THE GIFTS RETURNED

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775—1864) wrote poems which are admirable for their classical purity and severity, but are not popular. Elements of true grandeur are occasionally found in his poetry. The quality of his style is what is called 'the statuesque' and for this reason it has not much attraction for the common reader. But among 'fit audience, though few' his poetry has been declared to be more Homeric than anything to be found in modern English literature. His best poem is *Gebir*. But his greatest work was done in prose and is called *Imaginary Conversations*.

15. *To the last tittle*: to the minutest exactness.
16. *pit-a-pat*: palpitating.

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XLIV

NOT A SOU HAD HE GOT

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM (1788—1845) is a humorous poet of no mean order. He has a 'vein of poesy in his nature, as his verses 'As I lay a-thynkyng' show. His fame is due to the 'rhythmic ingenuities' of the *Ingoldsby Legends* about which Professor Saintsbury says: 'In grotesque poetry no language holds their superiors'.

This poem is a parody of Wolfe's *The Burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna*, which is given below for comparison :

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.
No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.
Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

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We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
'That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er
his head,

And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reckon, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone.—
But we left him alone with his glory.

1. *sou* : a French copper coin equal to a half-penny in value.

3. *shot* : a bill.

7. *twigg'd* : observed.

11. *snooze* : a nap or short sleep.

12. *Marshall* : a blacksmith of Durham, who styled himself 'Dr. Marshall' and who pretended to be the author of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*.

XLV

MAC FLECKNOE

JOHN DRYDEN (1631—1700) was the greatest poet of his day. He strengthened the couplet in English

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poetry. Nobody has argued in verse so forcibly and so energetically as Dryden. His gift of satire is inimitable. His 'easy wing-stroke of the couplet, at once propelling the poet through upper air and slapping his victim in the face at every beat', is the most characteristic point about his satires, of which the best are *Absalom and Achitophel*, and *Mac Flecknoe*. He also wrote a large number of poems and dramas. His literary criticisms still carry weight and his translation of Virgil is well-known.

'This piece was directed against Shadwell, the leading Whig poet of the day, as Dryden was the Tory. Dryden calls Shadwell, the son of Flecknoe (Mac Flecknoe), the heir of one of the meanest versifiers of the century. Of this poor poetaster, Flecknoe, the very name would now barely be known, but for the immortality Dryden thus gave him' (Hales).

3. *Augustus*: Augustus was only 33 years of age when he defeated his rival, Antony, and became the Emperor of Rome. His reign extended for 44 years, from B.C. 30 to A.D. 14.

20. *deviates*: notice the sarcasm in the word 'deviate' which means wandering *from* the right path.

29. *Heywood*: Thomas Heywood (1575—1650), a dramatist and actor who is said to have written or assisted in writing 220 plays.

Shirley: James Shirley (1594—1666), was also a dramatist equally famous for his fertility.

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32. *to prepare thy way*: as John the Baptist prepared the way for the coming of Jesus Christ.

33. *Norwich drugget*: a coarse woollen stuff manufactured in Norwich and worn by the poor.

36. *Bruce and Longville*: two dull characters in Shadwell's drama, *Virtuoso*, who 'make Sir Formal Trifle disappear through a trap-door in the midst of his speechifying'.

40-41. *The mantle art*: the reference is to the mantle of the Jewish prophet, Elijah, which fell on the shoulders of Elisha when the former was being borne up to heaven in a chariot of fire.

XLVI

TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN,

THE MAN-MOUNTAIN

ALEXANDER POPE (1688—1744) is not possessed of the highest poetic qualities,—intense imagination, tragic emotion, subtle passion, sympathetic intellect. 'But he is,' says Professor Saintsbury, 'within certain narrow but impregnable limits one of the greatest masters of poetic form that the world has ever seen'. The couplet which Dryden perfected, Pope has polished to a finish. His couplet has been very highly praised as being 'light, bright, glittering and tipped with the neatest, smartest and sharpest rhyme'. His chief works are *The Dunciad*, *Essay on Man* and *Essay on Criticism*.

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14. *Atlas*: a Titan who, for his audacity in attempting to dethrone Zeus, was doomed to bear the world on his shoulders.

44. *Neptune*: the chief sea deity of the Romans.

XLVII

THE BRIEFLESS BARRISTER

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816—1887) was a popular American writer of humorous and satirical verse. He also wrote some lyrical poems in which there is a glow of genuine feeling. But his memory will live by his light poems, among which special mention may be made of *The Proud Miss*, *Rhyme of the Rail*, *MacBride*, *I'm growing Old* and *Treasures in Heaven*.

Notice the puns and play upon words in this humorous poem.

10. *elf*: fairy.

36. *jiffy*: the shortest possible space of time.

37. *twelve men*: constituting the jury.

GLOSSARY

